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A

SCOTS ODE,

TO THE

Britiſh Antiquarians.

a. 3200.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Right Honourable

Earl of *HARTFORD*,

Lord PEIRCY,

PRESIDENT, *and the reſt of the Honourable Members of the Society of* BRITISH ANTIQUARIANS.

A SCOTS ODE.

TO HARTFORD, and his learned Friends,
Whoſe Fame for Science far extends,
A *Scottiſh* Muſe, her Duty ſends,
From *Pictiſh* Towers:
Health, Length of Days, and happy Ends,
Be ever yours:

YOUR generous Cares make Light ariſe
From Things obſcure to Vulgar Eyes,
Finding where hidden Knowledge lies,
T' improve the Mind;
And moſt delightfully ſurpriſe
With Thoughts refin'd.

WHEN you the broke Inſcription read
Or amongſt antique Ruins tred,
And view Remains of Princes dead
In Funeral Piles,
Your Penetration ſeems decreed
To bleſs theſe Iſles,

WHERE *Romans* form'd their Camps of old,
Their Gods and Urns of curious Mold,
Their Meddals ſtruck of Braſs or Gold,
'Tis you can ſhow,
And Truth of what's in Story told,
To you we owe.

How beneficial is the Care,
That brightens up the Claſick Lere,
When you the Documents compare,
With Authors old:
You raviſh when we can ſo fair,
Your Light behold.

WITHOUT your Comments each old Book,
By all the World would be forſook:
For who of Thought wou'd daign to look,
On doubtful Works,
Till by your skillful Hands they're ſtruck
With Sterling Marks.

BY this your Learning Men are fir'd
With Love of Glory, and inſpir'd
Like ancient Heroes who ne'er tir'd
To win a Name;
And, by their God-like Acts, aſpir'd
T' immortal Fame.

YOUR uſeful Labours ſhall endure,
True Merit ſhall your Fame ſecure,
And will Poſterity alure,
To ſearch about
For Truth by Demonſtration ſure,
Which leaves no Doubt.

THE Muſe forſees brave HARTFORD's Name,
Shall to all Writers be a Theme,
To laſt while Arts and Greatneſs claim,
Th' Hiſtorians Skill,
Or the chief Inſtrument of Fame,
The Poet's Quil.

PEMBROKE's a Name to *Britain* dear,
For Learning and brave Deeds of War;
The Genius ſtill continues clear
In him whoſe Art,
In your rare Fellowſhip can bear
So great a Part.

BARDS yet unborn ſhall tune their Lays,
And Monuments Hermonious raiſe
To *WINCHILSEA* and *DEVON*'s Praiſe,
Whoſe high Deſert,
And Virtues bright, like genial Rays,
Can Life impart.

NOR want we CALEDONIANS ſage,
Who read the painted Vellum Page,
No Strangers to each antique Stage,
And Druids Cells,
And ſacred Ruins of each Age,
On Plains and Fells.

AMONGST all thoſe of the firſt Rate,
Our learned CLERK bleſt with the Fate
Of thinking Right can beſt relate
Theſe Beauties all,
Which bear the Marks of ancient Date,
Be North the Wall.

THE Wall which *Hadrian* firſt begun,
And bold *Severus* carried on,
From Riſing to the Setting Sun,
On *Britain*'s Coaſt,
Our Anceſtors fierce Arms to ſhun,
Which gall'd them moſt.

BUT now no Need of Walls or Towers,
Ag'd Enmity no more endures,
Brave *Britain* joins her Warlike Powers,
That always dare,
To open and to ſhut the Doors
Of Peace and War.

ADVANCE, great Men, your wiſe Deſign,
And proſper in the Task divine,
Draw from Antiquity's deep Mine,
The precious Ore,
And in the *Britiſh* Annals ſhine,
Till Time's no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

EDIN. 21. Feb. 1726.